Red Rears for Rose and Rouge:
Chapter 6: Chaos Self-Control

It was a long morning of hard, sweaty work. Under Vanilla's guidance, Amy Rose and Rouge the Bat pruned most of the dead oak tree, though the path Floral Forest Village remained blocked by the heartwood. They took a short break for a picnic lunch. Amy winced as she sat down on the picnic blanket, and looked out over the damaged trees in the grove. "Shoot, Rouge and I really did a number on the trees in this part of the woods, didn't we?"

Vanilla took a dainty sip of water. "Yes, Amy, I'm afraid you did."

Cream sighed as she examined the chopped remains of the old oak tree. "Some of those trees were over a hundred years old."

Vanilla nodded. "I hope that cleaning up this debris will teach you and Miss Rouge a lasting lesson about the damage your actions can cause."

Rouge raised an eyebrow. "Though it was really Gemerl's energy blasts that did most of the lumberjack work."

Vanilla snapped her head to face Rouge, and patted her lap ominously. "Energy blasts which were fired in self-defense. Do you perhaps wish to *relitigate* your case, Miss Rouge?"

Rouge stared at Vanilla's lap. "No, ma'am. I'm ready to do my community service. No arguments."

"A wise decision. I'd like us to at least clear the path this afternoon, then we should head home and prepare dinner for the Freedom Fighters before evening."

Amy hung her head. "Mrs. Vanilla…do you think my parents will be mad at me, when they find out what I did?"

Vanilla turned to look at Amy. "You haven't called them yet? Of course, you've been so busy. One thing after another."

Amy bit her lip. "But…do you think they'll spank me? They always used to say if I ever got a spanking from Mrs. Vanilla, I'd get another spanking from them, as soon as I got home."

Vanilla put a hand on Amy's shoulder. "Well, Amy, that's up to them. They may decide to spank you, but I'm sure if you're genuinely repentant, and acknowledge what you did wrong, they will be fair with you. I think you should call them tonight, and talk to them about everything that has happened. I'm sure they'll listen to you, and give you a chance to give an account of yourself. You'll have time after dinner, when you're winding down for the night."

Rouge took a bite of her blood orange, savoring it. “Hmm…so a spanking at school means a spanking at home? Glad I never had to worry about that rule. I was homeschooled.”

Vanilla sniffed, and started to put everything back into the picnic basket. “Well, Miss Rouge, whether or not your mother decides to spank you, as long as you are staying under my roof, I’ll ensure you have the proper guidance you’ve been needing.”

Nervously, Rouge and Amy helped put away the picnic basket. Then, Amy stood, holding her head high. “Mrs. Vanilla, seeing the damage I caused to this beautiful forest has got me thinking…and I’ve realized something important. I think, maybe, I ought to get a reminder spanking.”

Rouge’s ears twitched. “A what-kinda spanking?”

Vanilla ignored Rouge, looking at Amy intently. “Are you sure, Amy dear? You’ve been behaving well so far…at least, since this morning.”

Amy nodded, then bent to retrieve one of the green willow switches she and Rouge had cut earlier. With an effort, Amy handed it to Vanilla, looking her in the eye. “Thank you, Ma’am, but the more I think about what I did, the more I’m sure that just one spanking is far too merciful as a punishment for my wanton destruction of nature. I believe I deserve to be spanked every single day, for at least a week or two. Please, Mrs. Vanilla, I want you to spank me again.”

Vanilla accepted the switch. “So be it. In that case, you will get a good reminder spanking. I’m so proud of you, Amy, darling.”

Rouge flashed her bat fangs. “The hell’s a reminder spanking?”

Cream gasped, and clapped her hands over her mouth. “You shouldn’t use the H-E-double-hockey-sticks word! That’s light profanity!”

Vanilla tapped the willow switch against her thigh. “Miss Rouge, I have warned you about minding your tongue.”

Rouge rolled her eyes. “Good grief! Fine! What in the ever-loving *inferno* is a reminder spanking?”

Vanilla swung the switch against her open palm with a sharp snap, and squeezed the stick. “You’re about to find out, first hand. I think Miss Rose’s idea to reinforce the lesson we’ve been learning is an excellent suggestion. So you will be joining her. It’s time you got a taste of the switch across your naughty, bare bat bum!”

Rouge’s pupils shrank to pin pricks, before she clutched her white-panty-clad bottom. “Huh? But I’m being a good girl! I’ve been obeying you all morning!”

“You may have been obedient in your rote actions, but your attitude is in serious need of an adjustment. You might recall our little discussion about what it means to submit in obedience? Or do you need another visit to the woodshed to remind you of our agreement?”

Rouge stiffened, then dropped her hands to stand at attention. “No, ma’am! I’ll obey!”

Vanilla smiled gently. “Good girl. In that case, let’s get this little reminder spanking taken care of. Both of you, drop your britches, march straight to that log, and assume the position. Rest your hands on the log, and stick out your backsides to prepare for your switching.”

Automatically, Amy dropped her skin tight, dark-purple pants, while Rouge fumbled to find the waistband of the white panties under her red mini skirt. Both girls looked like they were severely regretting their choice to switch outfits today. With their garments around their ankles, both Amy and Rouge were forced to scootch awkwardly toward the log. Amy approached the log from the left, while Rouge was on the right. Rouge scowled, and muttered under her breath. “A reminder spanking? Great idea! Thanks a lot, Amy!”

Amy pressed her lips into a tight frown, and grumbled through gritted teeth. “Hey, I just wanted to take some accountability. You got yourself into this fix, bat-brain!”

Vanilla flicked the switch lightly against their behinds, with two quick little taps. “None of that bickering! When it’s time for two naughty, silly little girls to get a good spanking, they should be seen, and not heard. Bottoms up, ladies! Right now!”

Both Amy and Rouge squeaked in unison. “Yes, Mrs. Vanilla!”

Immediately, both girls slapped their hands against the log and arched their backs to present their quivering, bare buttockses.

Vanilla sighed with relief, then winked at Cream, who giggled. Even for a mother as authoritative as Vanilla, three girls were a lot for one woman to wrangle. “That’s more like it. Since this is a reminder spanking, I think it would be worth reflecting on our misfortunes from yesterday. I want both of you to put your thinking caps on, and answer my questions. Amy, let’s start with you…”

As Vanilla addressed Amy, she approached Rouge from the right, and tapped the switch across both of their bottoms at once, so the tip of the switch touched against Amy’s left butt cheek. “Yesterday, you girls earned four separate spankings–not counting your additional bedtime spanking–for four separate offenses. What was the first thing you did wrong, which got you into trouble to begin with?”

Amy was already thinking of the answer as she saw the littered debris scattered across the forest grove. “I went on a foolish escapade, hurt poor Mister Gemerl, and got into a big squabble with Rouge.”

Vanilla whipped the switch across both girl's bottoms at once. Both girls yelped, but Amy gasped with keen surprise as she felt the tingling aftershock, right where the tip of the switch had landed against her left buttock. Slowly, Vanilla strolled behind the girls to approach Amy's left side, and tapped the switch across their bottoms, this time resting the tip against Rouge's far right buttock. "Correct, Miss Rose. That foolhardy fighting earned you girls your first spanking. Rouge, you're next. What did *you* do that earned you a second round of spanking in the woodshed?"

Rouge hissed, struggling to catch her breath and stay composed. "I just *had* to be a smart ah…I mean, I ran my smart mouth. I was obstinate, and defiant, ma'am."

Vanilla responded with a second stroke of the switch, and when Rouge felt the tip of the switch impact her right buttock, she squealed at a high, bat-echolocation-level pitch, almost beyond the range of the human ear. Vanilla let the moment hang, until Rouge's screech finished echoing, and began to stroll back to her original position. "Very well articulated, Miss Rouge. Both of you earned a second spanking, along with bare bottoms, for deliberate disobedience. As I warned you, you were both due a bedtime spanking already, and a bare bottom usually remains bare until the spanking is completely over. Nevertheless, I chose to show mercy, and allow you girls to cover your bottoms, so as not to add any needless embarrassment to your predicament. Miss Rose? It's your turn. What earned you your third spanking yesterday, during tea time?"

Amy flinched as she felt the tip of the switch, and started to snivel, her voice starting to choke. Tears of remorse were already budding against her eyelashes. "We…started fighting again. Right…right after…you told us not to!"

Amy screamed as she felt the brunt of the third stroke of the switch, like a thin line ripping across her helpless hindquarters. Rouge gagged, then bit her lip hard. Vanilla tapped her foot a few times, then started marching back to their left side. "I'm afraid so. You willfully misbehaved, in public. Therefore, I chose to correct you in public. The neighbors might have guessed that you girls had a spanking coming, but you at least would have been granted the dignity of being spanked in private."

In answer, both Amy and Rouge made whining, whimpering sounds of sorrow, before Vanilla tapped them both across their behinds with the switch, aiming the tip against Rouge's right buttock. "No whining allowed. Miss Rouge, you're up. In the kitchen, both you and Amy earned a fourth spanking. What did you do to earn it?"

"I burnt the cake because I'm a bad…a bad cook!"

The fourth stroke of the switch came crashing down, and both girls' eyes popped open. Amy's knees nearly buckled, before she steadied herself, but Rouge strained her back as she reared back her head and screeched. "Aaiieeeeee!"

Vanilla hummed, and tapped the switch gently across their bottoms, brushing the tip against the angry red welts left by the last two strokes. “And that’s four. But could you perhaps be a bit more specific, Miss Rouge?”

Rouge gulped for air, her voice shaky, as two tears spilled down her cheeks. “I…I wasn’t paying attention! Aaaw! I’m a bad girl! I’m a bad, bad, bat girl! Baw! Aauu!”

As she heard Rouge breaking down next to her, Amy felt the dam starting to break, and let her own tears fall freely in thick, wet trickles. “And I was sassy, back-talking brat! I’m sorry, Mrs. Vanilla! Ah…I’m so, so, sorry! Aaw! Wuuaaaaah!”

Vanilla strolled to Rouge’s right side, and started tapping the switch again, more firmly this time, and aimed across their upper thighs. “Chin up, ladies. Now’s not the time for tears. You’re big girls, and I want you to keep your wits about you. I still haven’t decided how long your reminder spanking is going to be, so until we finish this discussion, I expect proper answers to my questions. Miss Rouge, how does it feel, knowing that everyone in Floral Forest village has seen you girls get a good, hard spanking? Right on your naughty, naked little bottoms? Did that make you feel like a strong, independent woman?”

Rouge started to whinge, before she felt the love taps of the switch, and checked herself. “No, Vanilla!”

Vanilla kept up the steady pattern of love taps across both their bottoms. “And Amy, did you enjoy being put in timeout in front of everybody, like a misbehaving child?”

Amy’s voice fluttered as she caught her breath. “No, Mama, no!”

Vanilla felt her heart swell as she heard Amy’s slip of the tongue, but she kept her voice firm. “What about the company we are having over tonight? Both Mister Tails, and Mister Knuckles are planning to attend…”

At the mention of Knuckle’s name, Rouge’s ears twitched, and she caught her breath.

Vanilla kept on tapping at a soft, steady pace. “...No doubt, Mister Sonic will join as well. Amy Rose, am I going to have to give you another bare bottom spanking, in front of all your closest friends?”

Tap, tap, tap.

Amy shook her head. “No, Mom—ah—no, ma’am! I’ll be good!”

Vanilla hummed theatrically. “Hmm. Miss Rouge, what would you prefer? Would you like to finish this reminder spanking early? Or–”

“Yes! Finish it, please!”

Vanilla cut off Rouge with a firm tap of the switch, before brushing it lightly along one of Rouge’s angry welts. “Hold on, young lady, I *wasn’t* finished. What I mean to ask is, which is better? Would you rather get a reminder spanking, right now, before our guests arrive, to help you remember to behave yourself? Or would you rather risk forgetting yourself, and earning a harder, bare-bottom spanking later, with all of them watching?”

Vanilla’s ears drooped as she considered the question. “Um…both options sound bad, ma’am?”

Tap, tap, tap.

“An astute observation, Miss Rouge. But consider this: I understand your former comrade-in-arms, Mister Shadow, will be joining us for dinner tonight. It seems he’s finally accepted his invitation to join the Freedom Fighters. Now, let’s suppose that you *forget* to behave like a lady tonight, and earn yourself *another* bare-bottom spanking…then by the rules of the house, you can expect to keep your bare bottom on display, for the rest of the night. Imagine having to serve dinner while wearing an apron, and nothing else. How does that sound to you? Good, or bad?”

“Uh…sounds bad, ma’am?”

Vanilla lowered the switch, looking Rouge in the eye. “Amy asked for this spanking of her own free will, to act as a reminder for her. I’m satisfied you’re ready to fix your attitude, Rouge, so now it’s your turn to choose. Do you wish to stop your reminder spanking now, before I finish with Miss Rose? Or would you like me to give you the reminder spanking she’s getting, to help you *not forget* to behave?”

Rouge swallowed, and felt her throat going dry. “I…want to behave, ma’am.”

“And do you need a spanking to help you remember to behave?”

Rouge forced a smile. “I–ah–sure hope not?”

Then, Rouge’s red miniskirt flopped down, covering her drooping tail, which was literally hanging between her legs.

Vanilla let the moment hang. “It’s not a trick question, Rouge. I’m giving you the chance to back out from this spanking. Or you can get a little reminder, along with Amy.”

Rouge looked into Vanilla’s calm eyes, then reached back to lift up her own skirt, fully exposing her bottom again. “Well, when you put it like that, I guess a little reminder couldn’t hurt. Ya know–the carrot and stick treatment?”

“Speak plainly, Miss Rouge. Say what it is you want me to do, out loud.”

Rouge placed her hands on the log. “...Please, give me a spanking, Mrs. Vanilla. I want the same as what Amy gets.”

Vanilla nodded, and finally delivered the fifth stroke of the switch. Unfortunately, although Rouge wanted to get the same treatment as Amy, it was Amy who got the short end of the stick, meaning the tip of the switch across her left buttock. As Amy wailed, Vanilla strolled behind them.

“And what about you, Amy? Are you experiencing any buyer’s remorse?”

Amy groaned, feeling the last four welts stretch as she tensed her glutes. “It’s…no fun getting spanked. But I think I need it, to really help the lesson stick with me. Maybe not a *whole lot* more spanking, but…I need more than a few love taps. You’re always so fair-minded, Mrs. Vanilla. I trust you to decide how long my spanking should be. So…please, finish spanking me, ma’am.”

Vanilla took a deep breath, and flashed a buck-toothed smile. “Aw! You’re both such sweet young ladies. I can’t stay mad at you. In that case…”

With precise force, Vanilla snapped the switch across their bottoms, aiming the tip at Rouge’s right buttock. Rouge roared as she felt it leave a fresh, throbbing welt at the point of impact.

“There! That should do for a little reminder spanking. Six stripes in total. That’s rather fitting. Did you know, they used to refer to a caning as ‘six of the best instructors,’ because six was the standard number of strokes teachers used to give to their students. Isn’t that simply fascinating?”

Amy and Rouge blinked, as anime sweat beads trickled down their foreheads. Rouge licked her lips. “Uh…wow? School rocks.”

Amy smiled meekly. “Thank you for spanking us, Mrs. Vanilla. We won’t let you down.”

“I know you won’t, Amy. Up you get, girls. You may get redressed. Would anyone like a hug?”

Forgetting to pull up her spandex pants, Amy rushed to hug Vanilla, before Rouge approached tentatively, whistling as she pulled her panties back up across her glowing behind. Amy sniffled, then pulled Rouge roughly into the group hug.

Cream cheered. “Yay! Spanking is over! I know I didn’t get a spanking, but can I have a hug?”

Rouge beckoned with her fingers. “Get over here, *Crème*. The more the merrier.”

Cream squeaked with glee, then flew to hug Amy and Rouge. Unfortunately, since Cream was so short, that meant she accidentally brushed her arm across both Amy and Rouge's sore behinds. As they both felt a twinge, Amy and Rouge sucked down a breath. Cream pulled back. "Oops, sorry!"

Amy exhaled, then smiled. "It's okay. Sometimes love hurts."

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Amy winced as she felt her hindquarters twinge. "Good grief…the switch really leaves a mark. I can barely walk in this condition."

Flapping her leathery wings, Rouge fluttered alongside Amy, flashing a lazy smile as she spun around in midair. "Does it? Imagine that!"

"Do you have to rub it in, Rouge?"

Rouge hummed theatrically. "I thought we weren't allowed to rub after a spanking."

Cream bounced on her heels, raising her hand. "Ooh! Excuse me, but that's not quite right. We're not allowed to cover our bottoms *during* a spanking."

Vanilla patted Cream on her head. "That's exactly correct, Cream. And since the reminder spanking is officially over, both of you girls may attempt to rub away any lingering stinging…if you think it will help."

Instantly, Amy and Rouge both clutched their butt-cheeks with both hands, massaging furiously. "Oh, thank you, thank you, thaaank you!"

Amy paused as she spotted the thatched roofs and chimneys of Floral Forest village, and dropped her hands demurely, glancing down at her immodest outfit. "Um…Mrs. Vanilla, I've been thinking…about this borrowed outfit? Will I have to serve Sonic, wearing nothing but this?"

Vanilla shook her head. "Of course not. You should wear an apron, to protect yourself against spills."

Rouge's ear twitched, and she peered out of the corner of her eye with undisguised amusement at Amy's predicament. Amy's face flushed beet red, and she covered her chest. "But…isn't this outfit a little…immodest for polite company?"

"Did you think it was immodest when you tried it on, without asking?"

Amy hung her head. "I regret doing that. It wasn't very polite of me."

Vanilla nodded. “I’m glad to see you’ve been reflecting on the matter. Miss Rouge has already forgiven you for the matter, so I think you’ve been punished enough. Of course you may change into another outfit, Amy. You’re old enough to decide what you want to wear, after all.”

Amy’s face brightened, and she hugged Vanilla tight. “Really, I am? Oh, thank you, thank you, thaaank you!”

Rouge landed gracefully next to them, pinching the hem of her red skirt. “So that means I can change out of this Sunday school getup, right? After all, if Amy’s old enough to dress the way she wants, I certainly have to be. I’m older than her!”

Vanilla glared at Rouge. “This is a formal dinner, Miss Rouge. And you’re technically not a member of the original Freedom Fighters.”

“Yeah, but I’ve done plenty of espionage work for Princess Sally. She likes me.”

“Still, since you are attending as *my* guest, perhaps you should consider wearing something a little more *discreet?”*

Rouge gestured at her ample bosom, which Amy’s dress did little to disguise. “As a master spy, I think I’ve learned all I need to know about discretion.”

Vanilla smiled, and wrapped an arm around Rouge’s waist, forcing her to walk alongside her at a brisk pace. “Very good. In that case, I will trust you to choose something appropriate to wear…” Vanilla patted Rouge playfully across her sore bottom. “...So let’s avoid anything that’s unnecessarily *embarrassing* tonight. Do we have a deal?"

Rouge tensed as she felt her fresh welts throbbing madly at the slightest touch. “You got a deal, Mrs. Vanilla!”

Using her ears to fly, Cream fluttered alongside them, pouting cutely. “Mommy, if it’s all right with you, may I wear my new outfit to dinner tonight?”

“I don’t mind, but since it’s Amy’s dress, I believe it’s her decision.”

Amy, who had been deep in thought, suddenly snapped to attention, noticed Cream, and smiled. “Huh? That old thing? Sure, Cream, you’re welcome to keep it forever!”

Cream spun in mid air. “Yay! Thank you, Amy. Orange is still my favorite color, but I think this shade of green is simply lovely!”

Vanilla giggled. “Then all that’s left is to drop by the woodshed and–oh–fear not, ladies! I’m not planning to spank you again. Just need to pick up a few spare…chairs?”

Vanilla trailed off as they approached the woodshed, and heard the sounds of crisp, echoing slaps. It was unmistakably a spanking in progress…no, multiple spankings all at once. The door of the shed had been propped wide open, and in front of it, three of Vanilla's neighbors had seated themselves on wooden stools. Instantly, Amy recognized Mr. Quokka from earlier that morning.

Then Amy finally put two and two together.

Barry the Quokka, Buddy the Fox, and Honey the Squirrel were all bent over their parents' knees, bawling, blubbering, and ballyhooing their way through a blistering, bare-bottomed beat-down. Mr. Quokka was busy paddling his son, appropriately, with a small hand paddle. He looked up when he noticed Vanilla approaching, but didn't pause the ongoing spanking. "Oh, good afternoon, Mrs. Vanilla. I hope you don't mind, but we had to make use of your woodshed. Family emergency, you see!"

Buddy's mother, Mrs. Fox, nodded as she used a sturdy wooden hairbrush to punish her son. "You wouldn't believe it! We were just discussing with Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel about scheduling use of the woodshed, when who should come charging in but these hooligans? Yelling that they needed to confess their crimes!"

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were taking turns spanking their daughter. They were in perfect synch, though while Mrs. Squirrel wielded a hefty wooden spoon, Mr. Squirrel used only his hand.

Mrs. Squirrel hummed, thoughtfully. "Hmm…and I already spanked Honey only yesterday. I hope you don't mind, Mrs. Vanilla, but some on-the-spot discipline was called for. And since the woodshed is a bit cozy for seven, we decided to get this taken care of in the open, right here and now. Lovely day to deal with a few young naer-do-wells, isn't it?"

Vanilla shared a knowing look with the girls, before turning back to watch the spanking in progress with calm approval. "It most certainly is. And what crimes might they have plead guilty to?"

Mr. Squirrel puffed his cheeks, then popped his daughter one across her bright-red bottom, just below her bright-red squirrel tail. "Stealing! Can you believe it? They ran off with Mr. Quokka's antique camcorder!"

Mr. Quokka harrumphed, then landed another firm wallop across his son's tail. "And they scuffed up the casing! You'd better hope you didn't break it, buster! Jostling it like that. That camcorder's a memento from film school!"

In response, Barry, Buddy, and Honey all howled various combinations of apologies, pleas, and promises to be good, before their parents all landed another spank in unison.

Amy glanced at the camcorder. "Any idea what they were filming?"

Mrs. Fox sighed. “Oh, some sort of documentary, apparently. A school project, I think? We haven’t quite had time to interrogate them properly.”

Barry made a howling noise, that trailed off into a sob.

Mr. Quokka grumbled. “Oh, don’t worry, I’ll find out. I want to know exactly what was so important they thought it was a good idea to record over one of my prized VHS tapes. Some of those are at risk of becoming lost media!”

Mr. Squirrel gasped. “Disrespecting historical artefacts? The very idea!”

Mrs. Squirrel clicked her tongue. “Tsk, tsk. Don’t worry, Mrs. Vanilla, I promise we’ll get to the bottom of this. On a related note, would you mind if I reserved the woodshed from three to four o’clock for the next week or two? I’m afraid our little trouble-making tomboy has lost herself the privilege of sitting down comfortably for a good long while. I’m sorry, Mrs. Fox. I’m sure Honey was the ring-leader in all this mischief.”

Honey the Squirrel shook her head wildly, before a particularly hard set of whacks landed in a one-two combo, and she broke down completely, crying her heart out.

Mrs. Fox beamed. “Oh, my boy may look innocent, but he can be a scheming little fox if I let him. Still, is such a sensitive soul. I think he’s quite sorry already. Aren’t you, dear?”

By this point, Buddy the Fox was whimpering, tears and snot and drool dribbling down his face.

Mr. Quokka’s ears stood up. “Say, why don’t we all make this a daily meet up? If we spank them at three o’ clock every day, that will keep the woodshed open for other parents in need…and their children in need of a spanking.”

At this news, Barry the Quokka started to stammer incoherently, before a resounding whack of the hairbrush cut him off entirely.

Mrs. Fox giggled. “How considerate. That’s an excellent suggestion. Since these three like getting into trouble together, it’s only fitting that they get spanked together, too.”

Mr. Squirrel examined his daughter’s upturned bottom sagely. “Of course…we’d still have to spank them outside the woodshed, for all the world to see.”

Mrs. Squirrel clicked her teeth. “Yes. But to be honest, I think Honey’s probably the most likely culprit to tease other children about getting spankings. But she’ll soon be cured of that habit, won’t you, Honey?”

In contrast to the two boys, who seemed to have given themselves over to mindless panic, Honey was weeping softly, as if with tears of genuine remorse. “Yes, Mommy, I promise, I’ll be a good girl from now on! I’ve learned my lesson! Honest!”

Mr. Squirrel harrumphed. “Nice try, but I know crocodile tears when I hear ‘em. Hamming it up won’t convince me to wrap up this spanking early.”

Honey dropped her hands from her face to reveal perfectly dry eyes, shaking her fists as she struggled to lift herself. “Hey! I’m no ham actor! I’m a thespian!”

But when Mr. Squirrel landed the next ferocious spank, Honey howled, and flopped back down across her parents laps, real tears springing to her eyes.

“Apparently, she’s a method actor,” thought Amy Rose.

Vanilla bowed her head, then gestured toward her house. “Of course, you’re welcome to use my woodshed as often as you need. Good luck children. Can’t wait to hear more about your documentary on the crime of littering, and its effect on the local bird population.”

As they approached Vanilla’s house, they could overhear the sounds of all three members of the trouble-making trio howling and wailing, before their final, desperate attempts to explain themselves melted into unrelenting sobs.

It was a cacophony of castigation! The tumult of tears! The din of despair!

Cream glanced behind her shoulder one final time, with pity in her eyes. “Gosh, mother…will you ever have to spank me like that?”

Vanilla kissed cream on the top of her head, and closed the door behind them, cutting off the horrible sounds. “Of course not, Cream. You may make mistakes from time to time, and require correction. But you’re much too well-behaved to ever merit a spanking like that. Now, to business. Amy, dear? Rouge, darling? Go get changed at once, please.”

Amy and Rouge both answered politely, curtsied, and hustled up the stairs. In their bedroom, they peeped through the window, and spotted their former tormentors below, still suffering through their ongoing torment. The triple-spanking session had paused, but only long enough for the parents to exchange implements, and start round two.

As Rouge gracefully stripped off Amy’s red dress, she smiled at the sight. “Deserved.”

Amy almost tripped as she stepped out of Rouge’s skin-tight, purple spandex. With a sigh of relief, Amy put her arm around Rouge’s shoulder. “For once, we can agree, Brat-girl! Those snots deserve a spanking almost as much as you do.”

Rouge clapped Amy playfully across her bright pink posterior. “Whatever you say, Little Miss Bubblegum!

Amy stiffened, then glared at Rouge furiously, clenching her fists. “Could you not? I *really* don’t want to earn another spanking for decking you.

Rouge smiled softly. “Not even if *Sonic* gets a front row seat to watch it?”

Suddenly remembering she was naked, Amy tensed her shoulders, blushing as she covered her bottom. “No! Especially not while he’s–I mean–not while our friends are here!

Then, Amy relaxed, and held out a hand. “…So, what do you say we make peace? I’m not saying we have to be besties, just…a truce of sorts?”

Rouge examined Amy’s hand, then yawned, and stretched her arms, letting her bare breasts bounce beautifully. Suddenly, Rouge grabbed Amy by the shoulders and lightly kissed the stunned hedgehog twice, once on either side of her face. Finally, Rouge reached around to pat Amy’s bottom playfully. “You’ve got a deal, Amy Rose.”

Amy noticed she was still sticking her hand out awkwardly. Not knowing what else to do, she returned Rouge’s gentle embrace, and softly petted Rouge’s bottom in return.

[End of Chapter 6]